

MERTES, THE MILKMAN.

HE HEARD SAILING IN THE CARLSON COTTAGE.

Points to Kunze as the Man Who Drove the Wagon-Coughlin Resembles the One Who Went Into the House.

CHICAGO, November 7.—The first witness called to the stand this morning in the Cronin trial was Coroner Hertz, who held the inquest over the body of Dr. Cronin in June last. He testified to having held such an inquest, and identified the trunk which is in the evidence.

William Mertzes, the milkman, was called to the stand. He is a short man, with a white moustache around his neck, and he wears a yellow colored beard to match his complexion.

"Do you remember May 4, last?"
"Yes, I do. I was on the east side of Ashland avenue, near the Carlson cottage, about 8:30 o'clock. I saw two men drive up to the Carlson cottage in a buggy. When I came about fifty or seventy-five feet from the cottage, the buggy was just in front of the cottage, and it stopped. One of the fellows got out of the buggy and went up to the front gate, and went through it and up the front steps. It looked to me as though he had some key, or something like that, in his hand, and that he opened the door himself. As soon as that fellow stepped in, the other fellow that was sitting in the buggy turned the horse around at once, and got away just as quick as he could do it. I did not take any notice of the fellow that went into the house to see whether he had a hat on or a cap, but I noticed he had a dark brown overcoat, but he had on a hat, and it looked as though he had a dark brown coat. As soon as that fellow that was in the buggy turned his horse to go away, I could see his face better. There is a gas light there on the corner, and it was light and I could see his face."

"How near were you to him at that time?"
"Oh, just from the street to the sidewalk, as I was very near the Carlson cottage. When they stopped, I was about seventy-five feet away. I went on, walking towards the Carlson cottage, and I saw a grocery store on the corner of Ashland avenue. I was there about half an hour, when I came back again, and when I came about a half a block nearer, then I heard somebody talking in the cottage, as if they were talking together. I heard them when I was half a block away."

"Did you ever see these parties since you saw them driving up there?"
"Yes."

"Do you see them now?"
"Yes, sir. That one (indicating Kunze) was the one that was driving the wagon, and that big one (indicating Coughlin) looks like the fellow that was going into the house."

On cross examination the witness was soon confused by questions which were rapidly fired at him. To suggestions of counsel for the defense, he assented with equal readiness that the weather was clear and that it was cloudy, and looked like rain, but he was positive that it did not rain, and he stuck to his story of two men in a buggy, and explained how he determined the date upon which he saw them, and heard words of driving nails in the Carlson cottage. Further cross examination elicited the fact that the witness did not see the face of the man who got out of the buggy and entered the Carlson cottage, and that his subsequent identification of Coughlin in the Carlson cottage was by a view of his back, which resembled that of the man who went into the cottage.

Assistant superintendent Frank Murray, of the Pinkerton agency, was called, and said that on the afternoon of the day after Cronin disappeared, Cronin, with whom Dr. Cronin was associated, employed the agency in the case. The witness went to O'Sullivan's house and had a talk with him. O'Sullivan denied that he had sent any one with his card to Cronin the night before, and related the story of his engaging Cronin to attend to his men, substantially as it has been told heretofore. After this witness had been cross-examined a recess was taken.

BASE BALL.

The National League Contract Signed for Three Years.

NEW YORK, November 7.—The National base ball players' conference was continued at the Fifth Avenue hotel to-day. All the delegates were present. At 2:15 o'clock the convention took a recess, and John Morrill announced that the contract form had been agreed upon, and the players signed for three years, which is satisfactory to both capitalists and players.

The contract is virtually the same as the old league contract, with the exception that the reserve clause was stricken out, as the one on term service provided for from one to three years. It was said in the corridors of the Fifth Avenue hotel this morning that the players were not meeting with the hearty co-operation expected.

Telegrams were sent to Clarkson and Radbourne, at Boston yesterday, asking them to take some stock in the players' National League, and to make any reply by return of mail. The players were not meeting with the hearty co-operation expected.

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THE RESULT IN IOWA.
CHICAGO, November 7.—A special dispatch from Des Moines, Iowa, to the Journal (rep.) says: While the democrats claim their entire State ticket is elected, the indications to-day are that the result is doubtful, and that the republicans will have seven majority in the house and one in the senate.

CAN HIS WIFE'S THROAT.
SAVANNAH, Ga., November 7.—Albert Maren cut his wife's throat from ear to ear early this morning, killing her instantly. The woman had been a festive with her sister and a young man escorted them home. It is supposed that the deed was caused by jealousy. The murder was not discovered until several hours later and the murderer escaped.

HURRAH FOR HUNCOMBE!

What a Plucky Son of Our Grand Old Country has Done.

The following romantic story we clip from the New York World of the 4th instant. As to its truth we have no information but there are men of the same name now numbered amongst our most enterprising business men:

Wm. Cooper, who is stopping at the Coleman House, has had a remarkable career. Born in Buncombe County, North Carolina, and reared in Texas, the opening of the civil war found him carrying a musket in the Confederate ranks. He was severely wounded during the war, and he has since gone through enough to kill a dozen ordinary men. Just after the war a Mexican "granger" on the frontier in Texas, sent a bullet clean through Cooper's head. He was picked up for dead after Cooper's companions had strung up the Mexican. But Cooper didn't die, and a few years later found him penetrating the jungles of Africa. He carried with him a stock of merchandise and made a small fortune bartering for skins. He has been around the world several times and speaks half a dozen languages. Twice Cooper has landed in New York with something like \$100,000 to his credit, but each time he was lured out of it by so-called friends.

But he is once more on the road to fortune, and this time he means to stay there. Three years ago he went to Mexico and stayed. He journeyed into Southern old Mexico, almost to the boundary line in Central America. A very little is known about this part of Mexico—day. It is inhabited by the Aztec Indians and the majority of them are wild and warlike. Cooper had an idea that he could make a fortune there, and while he was searching for them he stumbled on to what has proved to be a very rich find. He learned the Aztec language and gained the friendship of the Indians. In the extinct crater of a volcano he found a large deposit of onyx. It is still more valuable. The supply is apparently inexhaustible and Cooper has made arrangements with the Mexican Government which gives him a monopoly of the business. The onyx is a very rare stone. A stone somewhat resembling it was found in Adrian's villa in Rome, which was built many hundred years before Christ. None is known to exist anywhere now except in Mexico.

An illustration of the beauties of our country is found in the fact that although not a single piece of onyx or mosaic agate can be found in this country, Mr. Cooper has to pay a duty of 45 per cent. ad valorem on every piece he ships into the United States. The question is asked: Whom does this price of the duty is simply added to the price of the stone?

OHIO ELECTION.

The Latest Calculations on Tuesday's Battle.

COLUMBUS, O., November 7.—The indications are now, on figures received at republican and democratic headquarters, that the republicans will elect all the candidates on the State ticket with the exception of Foraker and possibly the lieutenant governor.

The republican committee sent out telegrams to the county chairmen for the vote on the respective candidates in the county, and they have heard from thirty-six out of eighty-eight counties. The returns show that in these counties the balance of the ticket, without much variance in the figures, has received 11,651 votes more than Foraker, or rather, that the republicans will elect all the candidates on the State ticket with the exception of Foraker and possibly the lieutenant governor. The returns show that in these counties the balance of the ticket, without much variance in the figures, has received 11,651 votes more than Foraker, or rather, that the republicans will elect all the candidates on the State ticket with the exception of Foraker and possibly the lieutenant governor.

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CUTS HIS THROAT.

A Condemned Criminal Tries to Escape the Gallows.

ROME, Ga., November 7.—This morning shortly after the sheriff told Jim Vain that the Governor would not interfere further with his sentence to be hanged, the jailer's attention was attracted to the peculiar manner in which "Jim" was bidding his brother good bye. When the brother left the jailer went to the condemned man's cell and found him sitting on a cot cutting his throat. Before the knife could be taken from him he had cut an ugly gash on his neck and one on his arm. He died profusely for a time, but upon investigation his wounds proved comparatively slight. He was again taken to Summerville, Chattanooga county, where he will be hanged to-morrow.

May or Blanton's Court.

On they came. It was a crowd. Their name was legion, but they were of that kind that pay as they go, and they both paid and went. The Mayor was there to receive both them and their money. Some objected to the accommodations, but there always will be a few who never can appreciate a good thing. After all their wants had been attended to with that courtesy and politeness for which Asheville is noted, it was found that \$38.00 had been added to the fund.

THE FEDERAL COURT.

"Three Months and One Hundred Dollars."

Three months and one hundred dollars! This was the sentence which was echoed and re-echoed from the walls of the old court room. Its frequent repetition carried dismay to the heart of many a rugged, unshorn and unshaven mountaineer. The law was being maintained, and the poor fellow who made noises around houses at night to call the attention of the inmates to the bottle of whiskey surreptitiously stowed away in some fence corner, or who caused the mountain dew to mysteriously reveal itself at the foot of some old blackened stump, now heard the knell of all his hopes pealing forth in those six sad words: "Three months and one hundred dollars."

When the words "not guilty" now and then lifted the gloom caused by this pain-giving monotonous refrain, there was joy that one poor devil had escaped from the meshes which the law had prepared for him.

Three months and one hundred dollars! The last sentence had been imposed and the crowd streamed from that dismal room into the free, open air. But as they strolled down Patton avenue, a gang of dorkies was met breaking stones on the street. "It is a hard day's labor," sang one, and back from the others came the deep response, chanted in unison, "yes!" and many a man, thinking of the scenes he had witnessed, felt his very soul vibrate in sympathy with that pathetic "yes."

PERSONAL MENTION.

Hon. Kopp Elias, of Macon county, is in the city.

The postmaster at Marion, N. C., Mr. George E. Vancey, is stopping at the Grand Central.

Dr. J. M. Stevens, of Leicester, a man well known and very popular among all Ashevilleans, is in the city.

Mrs. W. B. Marx and her two young children left yesterday to visit her father, E. J. Fox, Esq., of Easton, Pa.

Mrs. Young and her daughter Estelle, who were stopping at Mrs. Natt Atkinson's left for Chicago yesterday.

Mr. Walter J. Gilpatrick, of the Bedford Journal, and Mr. Geo. E. Meurs, both of Bedford, Me., are at the Winway Sanitarium.

Mr. C. H. Comstock, a prominent merchant of Knoxville, is now at the Grand Central hotel. He has come here to spy out the land, and if satisfied with the outlook will locate here.

Mrs. Tiernan, who has been at the Swannanoa for the past few days, has left for Mexico. She will there join her husband, Prof. Tiernan, the noted mineralogist, who is prominently connected with a silver mine in that country.

Kindergarten Societies.

The Asheville Free Kindergarten and Children's Aid Society met in the hall of the Young Woman's Christian Temperance Union, in order to formulate plans to increase its effectiveness, and to regularly organize the society for the election of officers. The following officers were unanimously elected: For president, Mrs. S. Westray Battle; for vice-president, Miss Rose Chapman, and for secretary and treasurer, Miss Newton.

The society deserves the thanks of all good citizens and merits their earnest co-operation. This is a work which affects us as citizens, and attacks an evil which is felt by all and which can be only met in this way. We hope that the meetings of the society will be largely attended. The next meeting will be held in the same place on November 10, at 3:45 p. m. The society has now a strong and energetic body of officers and nothing but good, solid, substantial work can be expected from it under its present management.

A Venerable Apple Tree.

We clip the following from the Farmers' Voice:

Seven bushels of apples have been picked this season from an apple tree on the Deaver property at Leicester. The tree was planted 127 years ago.

Western North Carolina has long sustained a most favorable character for its fruit, especially its apples. It may not enter the contest in the matter of age of its trees, but can easily beat the record of bushels. Note the following which was handed us by the first friend to whom we showed the above statement:

"There is an apple tree on the place of John A. Osborne, in Henderson county, from which one hundred bushels of apples have been gathered for two successive years. Mr. W. D. Miller picked them."

We hope friend Miller will authorize us to fully voice this remarkable statement, which now reaches us at second hand, and that our other apple men will speak out if any of them can beat it.

Another Benedict.

Mr. G. M. Mathis and Miss Maggie D. Harding of this city were married in the Central Methodist church at eight o'clock yesterday morning. The church was thronged with the friends of the bride and groom. The CITIZEN hastens to extend its congratulations. The newly married couple left on the Spartanburg train for Charleston where they will spend a few days.

These Are Apples.

Mr. George S. McCandless, from Vancey county, near Burnsville, had for sale in town yesterday a load of the famous "Gloria Mundi" apples; two of which measured 15 and 15½ inches in circumference and weighed two pounds each. They are not only very large, but of delicious flavor. Mr. McCandless is noted for his fruit.

ASHEVILLE MATTERS.

HOW HAMLETS ARE CONVERTED INTO CITIES.

An Interview With an Intelligent Gentleman, Who Talks Freely of Affairs in Which all our Citizens Should Feel a Lively Interest.

For several days past a gentleman of most agreeable appearance may have been seen leisurely strolling around this town and evidently taking pains to form a just opinion of the things about him.

A reporter of this paper was so happy as to make the visitor's acquaintance on yesterday, and the conversation which ensued was so thoroughly enjoyed by the poor scribe that he is confident that his readers will be gratified by a repetition of those portions which stick in his memory. If it were possible to repeat the whole verbatim the space devoted to it would be well used, but the stranger's modesty was too great to allow a notebook to appear, and his permission to give a brief synopsis could only be obtained on the pledge of concealment of his name and residence.

After the salutations customary between gentlemen followed the customary remark:

Reporter—Charming weather we have to-day, Mr. A.

Mr. A.—Indeed you may say charming, and safely use any stronger adjective without risk of being charged with extravagance of expression. In fact, I was induced to visit this section by seeing the meteorological reports of Dr. von Kuch, which I regret are no longer published. They contain statistics which every man in this State should endeavor to spread abroad.

Reporter—Why, sir, you surprise me. Some of our readers complained that they were dry and lacking in interest.

Mr. A.—On the contrary they were of deep interest to me, and to many in my neighborhood. I took particular pains to compare them with the reports from other stations, and as a result I decided to come here, partly on account of my health, which was beginning to be delicate, and a stay at one of your comfortable hotels for three weeks has enabled this delightful climate to be thoroughly enjoyed, and my improvement has been most marvelous.

Reporter—I am gratified to learn that The CITIZEN is read in your distant home.

Mr. A.—It is indeed, and no better paper is read there, nor elsewhere. Indeed, I cannot express my surprise to find a daily of its character in an inland town of the size of Asheville, I can scarcely see how it can be supported.

Reporter—Oh, sir, you discourage me. We have all, from editor to devil, an intense interest in our paper, and hoped that it would meet with the degree of support it deserved. None of us ask anything more in its behalf.

Mr. A.—Well, I did not intend any discouragement, but I know how difficult it is to induce many men to see their true interest, or to realize that \$6 paid for an annual subscription to a real, sincere, respectable paper is destined to bring them a larger return, by many fold, than any other investment they can make. Now I would like to ask you, if it is not taking a liberty, how many of your merchants have THE CITIZEN each morning left at their place of business and also at their residence?

Reporter—I regret to say, sir, the number is very small. All of them seem to cherish friendly relations to us, but they think it enough to have one copy for the use of all their clerks, and then take what is left of it home at night to their wives and children.

Mr. A.—Exactly. I am not surprised at your statement. This feeling prevails in almost all small towns. I have in my life known only very few cases where it was otherwise, and in these the development of every material interest was most rapid and continuous. Of course these towns possessed great natural advantages, but none any greater than those of Asheville. They, however, appreciated the importance of making known these advantages, and that there was no wisdom in a spasmodic attempt at "writing up," as it is usually called, spending hundreds of dollars for a column in some metropolitan journal. This does no good. But a regular plain statement of facts, day after day, accomplishes wonders. Indeed, were I a resident of Asheville I should at once set about providing means to have THE DAILY CITIZEN sent in all directions, regularly, to prominent men in every town in the United States. After a complimentary of six months you would be astonished at the number of those who would become regular subscribers. Provided, always, that your paper continues to deserve it as it now does. And you would also be surprised to see the number of good, valuable immigrants who would thus be induced to visit you, and in many cases to become residents.

Reporter—What is the impression made upon you by the business outlook of Asheville?

Mr. A.—Well, I cannot say that I was extravagantly encouraged at first sight, but I am beginning to look upon the situation more hopefully. You have many obstacles to overcome, perhaps greater ones in proportion to your means than are seen in most towns.

Reporter—To what do you especially refer?

Mr. A.—The chief of all is the bad condition of your streets and sidewalks. I have walked almost through the entire town, and have watched the work which is being done in various places. It seems well designed and honestly executed, but I fear your material is very inferior, and for this reason it is poor economy to invest more money than is absolutely required to keep up repairs, with this stone which is now being used. I think it may do well for sidewalks, and, in fact, it is evident that those made out of crushed stone, as those on North Main street and Bridge street, are far more durable than the brick, which are wearing out rapidly, and certainly more comfortable than the so-called flagging that "tries men's soles" in other places. While your stone may answer for sidewalks, it is most unfit for your streets, resulting in alternations of mud and dust.

Reporter—What would you suggest then, as a remedy for the bad streets, which we all acknowledge and deplore?

Mr. A.—It would depend upon a great many considerations, and I am not sufficiently acquainted with your surroundings to feel competent to advise. It seems to me that Belgian blocks should be used, if they can be obtained at a cost within your reach; or perhaps limestone might be obtained on better terms. The chief cost in either case would be the railroad freights, and I should think the Richmond and Danville would be disposed to make as favorable terms as they could, to encourage an improvement which would inevitably tend to increase travel over their lines.

Reporter—How do the railroads here compare with those of your Northern home?

Mr. A.—Here again I am indebted to THE CITIZEN. Arriving some time ago in Charleston, S. C., I remembered having seen the schedule of the Northeastern railroad, and decided to take passage by it to Columbia. And indeed, I have never traveled over a swifter, smoother or better managed road. I stopped in Columbia a few days, and thence went to Charlotte, N. C., and so reached Asheville by way of the Western North Carolina railroad. I heartily endorse all that THE CITIZEN has ever said about this line. Indeed the schedule is most remarkable, considering the mountainous section it traverses; and a sight of its tortuous course, doubling upon its tracks time and again, and disclosing views of beauty and variety, was enough to repay all the expense and fatigue of my journey.

Reporter—Will you permit me to ask in what line of business you have been engaged?

Mr. A.—Oh, yes! I have no objection to tell you. Not many years ago I settled in ———, which was then a mere hamlet. In selecting it for a home, I was influenced by its natural attractions, which, I thought, gave promise of great development, but I did not anticipate its marvellous growth in population, wealth and prosperity. Soon after I bought property there, which I did to the extent of my limited means. Several other men took the same view as I had done, and made it their home also. We determined to inaugurate a liberal business spirit throughout our young community, and our first move was to establish a good newspaper. I was selected as president of the company. We chose as good an editor as was attainable. We gave the latest and freshest news, in a truthful straightforward manner. We instructed the editor to comment on current topics in a fair spirit, to be afraid of no racial, but never to say a word that might offend an honest man. We each subscribed to as large a number of copies as we could; we all advertised liberally; and thus, and as I believe, chiefly by this means, the city of ——— to-day occupies the same ground that was filled by the hamlet of ——— when I went there.

Reporter—Perhaps you will kindly make a few suggestions as to the get up of your paper. I am sure THE CITIZEN will gladly consider any such, and perhaps may be able to adopt them.

Mr. A.—Well, then, while you have a very fair paper, I think you can improve on it, and when you add to its attractions, you may be assured that you add to the prosperity of Asheville. My first complaint then is that you do not give fair play to all of your patrons. I am, tentatively, no doubt, but surely you discriminate against your advertisers, and in favor of your readers. You should allow those merchants who would write the most attractive ads to place them on your front page, and your news matter should be divided between all four pages. Unless you are well posted in journalism, you can hardly know to what a high degree of art the science of advertising is brought. All merchants who deserve the name realize its absolute importance in the successful management of their business. You have real merchants here, such, for instance, as the Racket Store. I have watched his business, and he evidently knows what he is about. Nor is he alone; I have straggled into Whitlock's and Blanton's, and at each found a well selected stock of clothing, at which I expressed no surprise, because they had each invited me to call, showing that they were not afraid to have their goods inspected. And thus I have looked around your town quite generally, and I find that each and all of your advertisers have on their shelves more than they profess to have in your paper; but I must say that the fault is yours that they do not make their professions come up to their attractions. Modesty is an excellent trait of character, but in this world of business a merchant must not "hide his light under a bushel" if he wishes customers. So I think you can improve your paper by merely doing justice to your advertising patrons. Let it be understood distinctly that you ask no advertisements of clap net or shoddy humbugs, and as far as possible that you will reject them. That you will make it your special duty to visit your advertisers occasionally, so that you can state positively on your own personal responsibility whether or not they have misstated their wares. The merchants must appreciate this treatment, and you will soon find your columns filled with ads that will vie with each other in brightness and liberal display of real wit.

Reporter—Have you been able to form an opinion of the manufacturing interests of Asheville?

Mr. A.—Yes. I have been much pleased with the developments in this line; they all seem young in years, but are managed on sound business principles. I am particularly pleased with a call at the ice factory, the milling company, the cutlery factory and furniture and lumber works, and only regret that my stay is too short to visit all the others.

Reporter—I am glad to hear your favorable opinion. Manufacturers here are new, and to some extent an experiment, and is gratifying to hear a stranger predict their success. All of their proprietors are friends and patrons of THE CITIZEN. Mr. H. T. Collins, of the ice and milling company, is one of our most liberal advertisers, and Messrs. Graham and Avery are stockholders in our company.

Mr. A.—Oh! You need not tell me that. I know enough of business to understand that such men as they realize the value of a paper such as yours, and their success will only give further proof that their judgment is as correct in this as in other matters.

What is your opinion of the agricultural outlook of this country?

Mr. A.—It is surely good. The farmers are alive to their interests. Their Alliance, if kept within its legitimate sphere, and out of politics, must do them immense good. The tobacco interests promise splendid results, but here there is danger of overdoing a good business. My observation is that a crop may be produced which exceeds the demand, glut the market, and thus causes a tumble in prices. Nor is this the only danger; but often the planter runs his land too long in this crop, and the result in a few years is seen in the large tracts of worn out lands, such as fringe the railroads in Virginia, especially between Lynchburg and Danville. If your people will only cultivate small pieces of their mountain lands each year, not keeping it in tobacco for more than two crops, then devoting it to grass and cattle, they will surely make money by getting higher prices for their crops, and still having an attractive and beautiful country left them. I know that this course has been followed to advantage; I have visited Alexanders, and noted the condition of some of the surrounding farms. It is very evident that the owner, who, I hear, died quite recently, was a practical business man and a good farmer.

But I have imposed upon you too long. So now good-bye. Send me THE CITIZEN regularly until I return here, which I hope to do within two months, for the balance of the winter and perhaps to make it my home. Farewell.

HEAVY CONFLAGRATION.

A HALF MILLION BLAZE IN PETERSBURG, VA.

The Most Destructive Fire Since the War—The Total Loss is Estimated at \$500,000—Insurance About \$350,000.

PETERSBURG, Va., November 7.—This city sustained the heaviest loss by fire to-day it has experienced since the war. Flames were discovered by a policeman about three o'clock this morning in rear of the store of A. Rosenstock & Co., or George H. Davis & Co. Owing to the density of the smoke, the officer could not tell in which it originated. Soon the flames burst out of Rosenstock's front door and spread themselves with frightful rapidity. An alarm was sounded, and the whole fire department responded, but being unable to make much headway, help was asked from Richmond. That city sent two engines, but the fire was practically under control before their arrival, the train having been delayed en route.

The buildings in which the fire started were located in what is known as the "Iron Front" block, on Seymour street, near Tabb. The block consisted of five stories, each five stories high, and was the handsomest in the city. The block was soon a mass of flames, which communicated to the buildings on each side, and except across the street consuming sixteen places of business, before they were stopped. The total loss is estimated at \$500,000, and insurance is estimated at \$350,000.

ASHVILLE'S LATEST.

The Enterprise of the Presbyterian Church.

The committee of the Presbyterian church of Asheville who had been authorized to purchase an organ, have at last completed their work. The contract was awarded, through their manager, Mr. F. Crosby, to the Roosevelt Organ Co., of New York City. The organ is to be finished either on or before the first of May, and will be all in order by the time the General Assembly meets, on May 15, 1890.

The organ will have nine speaking stops, four couplers, three mechanical accessories, six pedal movements, and two manuals (or key boards). It will be run by water power. The width of the organ will be nine feet and nine inches, the depth ten feet and ten inches, and the height sixteen feet and eight inches.

The Roosevelt Organ company has been established comparatively recently. It was first started in 1872 and has been modeled upon the latest foreign designs in scientific organ building. The company is now working on a \$50,000 organ, which is being erected by them for the Auditorium at Chicago. The renowned organist Clarence Eddy will play upon this organ, when it is completed. This fact alone is a sufficient guarantee of the value of the work done by the company.

The organ now ordered by the committee, will be the finest in Asheville, although not the largest. It is more expensive than those of other makes, but this is caused by its recognized superiority to other organs in the quality of its tone, its finish, and the advantageous patents over which no other builder has control.

EDWARD WEDDIN DEAD.

This Popular Young Man Expired Last Night at 7:30.

Death is always sad, always a shock. To the old even it is frequently unexpected; to the young—or, as another has expressed it, those "who die before the dawn,"—it is as a frost, blighting the plant in its tenderness; but to a young man who has but climbed to that point in the journey of life where its charms and noble achievements lie in all their alluring attractiveness before his vision, it is indeed a terrible visitor.

Such was the case with young Edward Weddin. A young man of more than ordinary popularity; bright, capable, ambitious, surrounded by opportunities to advance himself to places of trust and confidence among his fellows, and possessed with the pluck and manhood to embrace them, the sudden ending of his career calls forth far more than ordinary commiseration and regret.

He had been a patient and hopeful sufferer from that dread disease cancer, for a number of months, during which time he was unable to attend to his duties as manager of the Southern Express office in this city. A trip to Philadelphia a few weeks ago for the purpose of having an operation performed, and his return without its having been done, prepared his friends for the worst, and they knew the end was only a matter of time.

His stricken mother and sisters have the profound sympathy of all in their sore bereavement.

His age was 23 years, 11 months and 13 days.

COMPARATIVE VALUES.

Property in Asheville Ten Years Ago and Now.

The sale of real estate to-day contributed its quota towards showing that property in Asheville is rapidly increasing in value. It has made gigantic strides in the last ten years. Take this as an illustration. Yesterday Mr. W. P. Blanton bought of Mr. W. W. Barnard for \$4,000 the town lot situated on the corner of Water and Sullivan streets. This lot has a frontage of thirty feet on Water street and a depth of forty feet, and has on it a lively stable. This same lot was sold on October 6, 1886, by E. Jones and Clapp for \$1,400, and was sold by Mr. E. Sluder on October 4, 1881, for \$502.50. Thus the last eight years has seen this property gain \$3,500 in value. This means an increase of 700 per cent. on the original investment. What do you think of that? Is Asheville booming? It has on seven league boots.